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Woman wear a gray perineal band.

or a black equivalent during menstruation; it is attached either to a girdle or to a tight-fitting bark corset.

Except for the exclusively masculine feather head ornaments, labrets, and nose ornaments (pls. 90, *top;* 94), the sexes use the same type of decoration. It is customary for men to manufacture necklaces and ear ornaments as a wedding gift for their brides.

Urucú provides red body paint and wards off insects, but on the São Lourenço River, it is used in moderation. The *Bororo* spread viscous rosin over their bodies, to which they then stick bird feathers, thus sometimes covering all of their arms. This is largely a curative measure against sores rather than a purely decorative device.

The men employ head ornaments to a considerable extent (pls. 92, *left;* 93). There are semicircular fans of arara feathers worn above the forehead; small fans of flexible feathers tied to the forehead so as partly to obscure the vision; and still other arrangements.

Koslowsky (1895 b) ascribes to all his *Western Bororo* the practice of wearing amulets composed of the tooth of a wild canid or a feline species.

### TRANSPORTATION

Canoes were quite unknown in the west and in the São Lourenço River region, though on the Vermelho River they occur in recent times. Both sexes are adept at swimming. Men swam across rivers, holding aloft their bows, to which the arrows were tied horizontally, and simultaneously carried their game on their chests, fastened below their arms. Women swam with their burden-baskets full of nuts and roots, tying these receptacles in fours to wooden sticks and guiding them by ropes. On land they carried the baskets on their backs by a bast sling that merged into a tumpline in front.

### MANUFACTURES

The men work mainly in their club house.

**Spinning and plaiting.**—In the family home, men merely pluck from the women's heads the hair subsequently to be made into cordage, and plait cotton bands for feminine arm, wrist, and ankle decorations. They spin both cotton and human hair on a shaft with a shell or clay disk 1½ to 2 inches (3.8 to 5 cm.) in diameter for a whorl. Holding the flock of cotton or several hairs with the left hand attached to the uppermost quarter of the spindle, i. e., the part above the whorl, they roll the longer section of the shaft on the right thigh. The thread thus formed above the whorl is ultimately wrapped around the long section of the shaft. Palm fiber is twisted on the thigh by hand. Often the big toe helps in making thread. Hair threads are plaited into cords worn round the hair of the head or body, but also into wrist-guards. True weaving does not occur (fig. 51, *a*, *b*).

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resonators, as well as "polyglobular" trumpets consisting of three or four gourds joined with wax; stopless flutes; and the bull-roarer. Drums that now occur are suspect of White derivation.

**Dances.**—Among the dances may be mentioned that preceding battle, in which the performers bend their knees in position and periodically shout as a chief shakes the gourd rattle. In the *Western Bororo* Jaguar dance, the hunter of a slain jaguar plays the part of the beast, being supposedly possessed by its soul; he wears the skin described above (pl. 89), also necklaces of jaguar claws and teeth, and executes furious leaps while the attending women wail. The object of the performance is to appease the spirit of the animal.

**Beverages.**—Besides their nut gruel, the *Bororo* drink palm wine: the acuri tree is tapped for its sap, which is allowed to drop into pots or mortars and is quaffed from bamboo vessels. This beverage is drunk by incipient medicine men.

### RELIGION AND SHAMANISM

Supernaturalism rests on two systems of belief with distinct and rival functionaries.

(1) There are evil spirits who are the souls of dead baare (plural of bari; see below) or never were anthropomorphic; they normally dwell in the sky, but are able to visit the earth, where they are known as bope, maeréboe, or waikuru. They cause falling stars and illness, can predict future events, but above all claim the prerogative as to various kinds of food, which unauthorized mortals consume under pain of sickness and death. The bope possesses a bari and eats the dishes in question with the bari's mouth. These spirits also appear in dreams and reveal the future, but they take no interest in the social life of the Indians and do not in any significant way figure in any myth.

A bari becomes such through visitations of a bope. He must scrupulously observe the rules laid down to him on pain of loss of power and catching an incurable disease. However, the bope may render him invulnerable and give him the power to hunt game in the guise of a jaguar. The bari may inflict disease and death, but also cures and confers other benefits on the tribe. A client will offer him a cigar, whereupon the shaman calls on the bope, a number of whom led by a spokesman then possess him. In doctoring, the bari smokes the cigar, then the spokesman of the spirits asks why they have been called. One present explains, then the doctor sucks the afflicted parts, expectorating the putative cause, e. g., a beetle, which he scans, announcing his prognosis. Certain feminine diseases, however, he must not attempt treating lest he impair his supernatural powers. Most important of the bari's functions is the "consecration" of the food reserved to the bope—a procedure that ensures to himself the choicest morsels.

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766 they wish to decorate it. They say that the resurrectionists are not called by men, but directly by the bope, and no one is supposed to know who they are.

When the village awakes to find the bones already prepared, the din is again unchained, the mother and female friends again slash themselves from head to foot, wail, and daub their bodies with black paste made principally from a fruit called genipa-pa, while two men sit on a palm-leaf rug and decorate the skull with a layer of bright red makaw feathers. This weird drama continues all day with little interruption, the players and singers relieving one another from time to time. And if some of their brethren from a neighboring village should visit them, the bakororo, as this noise is called, may continue all night and all the next day. Finally the concert ceases, and at sunset the basket of bones is laid away in the little cemetery outside the village, where the bope will take possession of them in due season, though only the priest is supposed to know when. Through constant howling during the bakororo, the family of the deceased become so hoarse that they cannot speak above a whisper, but the drinking of clay water, they say, relieves them.

775 As the Bororó is "very bad," they say, he is doomed forever to
755 wander and suffer in the lower regions and be subject to constant eviction. He takes up his abode in the bodies of certain fish and mammals, and when the creature dies the spirit must seek a new dwelling and be exorcised from the bodies of fish, fowl, or beast by the priest before the meat can be eaten. To eat it without this ceremony would cause sickness and death. Not every creature, nor even every member of certain species, is inhabited by a bope. Its presence is indicated only by certain markings or other peculiarities. In exorcising the bope the priest faces and calls upon the sun with loud yells, ecstatic jumping and trembling, slapping the fish, spitting and blowing into its mouth. Corn also must be exorcised, as they say they were once made desperately sick by eating it without this ceremony. Only the priests are exalted to an abode with the sun at death; they are not chosen by men, but by the bope. It comes
755 about somewhat in this manner: Some day a Bororó may be taken with a fit, and a priest of the tribe will be called to determine the disease and to say whether he will live or die. After consideration he may say to those present, "Piadudu [humming-bird] is in deadly combat with a bope. If he surrenders to the bope he will become a priest, but if he continues to resist he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is considered that he has given himself up to the bope, and is therefore qualified for the priesthood. But the certificate of

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priesthood seems to lie largely in the ability to throw themselves at will into a savage ecstacy. 755

When a Bororó is ill, a priest is called to determine whether he will recover or die. On entering the hut and looking at his sick tribesman and concluding that he will probably die or should die, he will count his fingers, and each time he touches one finger will repeat, "Meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, bi," meaning that the sick man will see five suns, five days, and die, or he may say, "Nadua, nadua, nadua," etc., "bi," meaning sleep, sleep, etc., five days, and die. If at the end of this time he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the priest, will suddenly appear in the hut, sit astride his stomach, and strangle him to death, for the reputation of the priest must be maintained. The priests are probably responsible for not a few deaths. They are the bane of life in the tribe. They must nurture the delusion that they can communicate with and have influence in the other world and power to avert or cause evils and calamities. They are therefore on the alert to take advantage of any propitious occasion to prey upon the superstitious fears of their fellow-tribesmen. They are freely supplied with food by their tribesmen in order to retain their good will.

The Bororó seem to have no idea of God as the Christian understands Him. They consider the sun as the fountain head of majesty and power and even of beneficence, and as the abode of the great priests who have passed to the spirit world and fear him. Bope means spirit or disembodied soul, but they seem to have no idea of a good spirit. The bope, who are evil spirits, must therefore not be offended though they must be driven away. To drive the spirits off, they use a bull-roarer, a peculiar instrument made of a slab of wood about half an inch thick, shaped something like a fish, and of varying size, hung by a long cord from the end of a stick like a fishing rod, and swung round and round through the air. As it swings and rapidly revolves, it sends forth loud sounds to a surprising distance, pitched from a sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek, the wail rising and descending the scale according to the rapidity of the swing or the size of the instrument. To hear several of these roarers at once certainly produces most unusual sensations, particularly when operated, as we heard them, during a tropical storm amid the play of the lightning, the crash and roar of thunder, the falling floods, and dismal gloom. No female is allowed to see this instrument under pain of death. New ones are made as occasion demands, and they are burned immediately after their need has passed. We entered the baehytu as some of these roarers were 776 755 778 778 123

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771 place in the thoughts and doings of the Bororó as it does in the
080 minds of all the peoples of the earth. Elucidating further, Prof. O. T. Mason says that, "In a general sense, religion is the sum of what is thought or believed about a spirit world and what is done in consequence of such thinking. What is thought about such a world constitutes *creed*, what is done or what a people does under its inspiration constitutes the *cult*. The *creed* and the *cult* together form the religion of any individual or people."

771 The religion of the Bororó is expressed chiefly by an elab-
775 orate system of diabolical rites and ceremonies for the placa-
782 tion of disembodied souls, or spirits, which they call *bopi*—demons; and a funeral is the occasion for the greatest display
764 of the savage ritual, or *cult*. It is a great *musical* pandemonium, savage dirge, or hell's concert; or a sort of wild man's opera or tragic play, enacted by a primitive male quartette, mixed chorus and orchestra, and lasts several days and nights, first with the body present, and a week later, with the bones present.

763 When a member of the tribe becomes so ill that the family
755 begins to fear for his life, one of the tribal priests, or sorcerers,
756 is summoned to his hut where he lies naked on a palm-leaf mat spread upon the ground, to declare whether he will live or die. This primitive ecclesiastic may think, inspired with wicked cunning, that the sick one will die naturally within a certain number of days. Or, he may hold a grudge against the stricken man, and may consider this a good opportunity to balance accounts. So, in announcing to the family the number of days the patient will live, he mentally resolves that if death should not occur naturally at the time he shall name, he will see to it that it occurs, nevertheless, in some other way. Or, again, he may feel that life in the village has long been very dull and monotonous, and that there is immediate and urgent need of a social function or festival of some kind; and what could be more entertaining to the savage public than a good funeral *bakororó!* In this case, also, he will see to it that the victim dies at the time he indicates. In any event, he will take steps to have his predictions "come true" to the letter, in

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order to maintain his prestige and reputation. He informs the anxious and waiting family of the number of days their loved one has to live by touching that number of fingers on his uplifted hand, and each time he touches a finger, repeating the word, "*meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, by,*"—sun, sun, sun, sun, sun, die,—meaning that the patient will see five suns—five days—then die. Or, the conjurer may say, "*nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, by,*"—sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, die,—meaning that the sick one will sleep, or pass five more nights, then die. If, at the end of this time, he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the sorcerer, will suddenly enter his hut, sit astride of him on his stomach, and strangle him until he is dead. The grief-stricken family may stand about moaning and crying, but will offer no resistance.

When a Bororó has been summoned from his earthly *bai*—naturally or otherwise—to wander with the demons in their world of sadness and gloom, whether the event occur at meridian or at midnight, the body is immediately rolled up in the palm-leaf mat which has served as a bed during life, and borne to the great hut where the elaborate funeral ceremonies, or *bakororó*, are at once inaugurated. At the head of the corpse stands a quartette of big, burly and entirely nude savages, of terrible visages, having their bodies besmeared from head to foot with black slush, their heads decorated with large fans of brilliant feathers representing the rising or setting sun, and holding in their hands gourd-shell rattles larger than a quart measure. These lead the medley of uncouth, blood-curdling noises, uttering constantly a loud, deep, prolonged, growling, roaring, bellowing, diabolical moan,—hee-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, squatting slightly with each wail of woe, and shaking the huge rattles held in each hand. Behind these four "children of the sun," stands a group of female savages, who howl and wail, mutter, moan and shriek an accompaniment, meanwhile not forgetting to fan off the flies that light on the bodies of the male quartette in front of them. The remaining inhabitants of the village, except the family of the deceased, group themselves on both sides of the

/491 cont./

756 the latter "doutor." Let us confine ourselves to the term bari or medicine man. His training seems to be less ceremonious than is otherwise the case; it depends more on natural talent. During
[273] the dry season -- the name does not actually refer to thirst -- the most akurí palm wine is drunk; the trees are tapped, and the sap runs into a pot or mortar and is drunk from bamboo beakers. The wine is somewhat sour, but plentiful. Both sexes become as intoxicated as possible. The one who holds out the longest becomes the medicine man. If it is said of him that the birds of the forest understand him, that he converses with trees and with animals of all sorts in their language, hopefully that does not mean /492/ a medical man who is still inspired by palm wine, but refers to study in solitude and to the arôe song in which the animals are
755 called upon. The bari treats his patients in the well-known manner: he groans, writhes, smokes, and sucks the cause of the illness -- customarily a bone here -- out of the body of the patient. Two things should be noted, however: first, the bone is merely displayed and does not leave his hand, and the doctor gives treatments only at night.

Waehneldt reports correspondingly about the Bororó on the Jaurú. Curing is done amid great clouds of smoke, unintelligible words, and, "the most important thing," convulsive movements: "I was present at the cure by such a padre, which consisted of his sucking at various parts of the body, and meanwhile he smoked his pipe and chewed up the mouthpiece. After each sucking he spit out the chewed-up pieces of his pipe, telling the patient that it
756 was the cause of his suffering." Furthermore--and now we come
784 back to the hunting booty -- a capibara pig had to be blessed in
825 the "sanctuary" by one of the four to six padres before it could be eaten or even touched. The baris cut off the best pieces and left the rest to the others.

On the S. Lourenço, too, the doctors likewise still lived in the golden age. It would be unjust to speak here of a delightful outgrowth of primitive hierarchy, for the bari was no "padre," but a "doutor" who merely did not yet know more than a "padre." The "consecration" was done in exactly the same way as the attempt to bring a dead person back to life. The logic is very

/506 cont./

765 [768] bast bands, bark belts, a red coverlet, many maize ears, gourds, shells; bows and bunches of arrows were broken up, and everything thrown together in a heap. Soon the scene took on a [535] semblance of order; the men formed a circle around the fire and moved slowly round and round, leaping up with both feet. The green one was seized and held down by the two loam creatures, whom we at first scarcely recognized as good old Moguyokuri and the chief bari (the archer on Plate 28). The gourds rattled, the whizzer sticks buzzed, the fire now blazed up. The green [535] one was released, and he and a second man behind him in the [768] parîko, /507/ dancing all around and always stepping to the side, first to the right, then to the left, threw the things into the ●[755] flames. Meanwhile -- and that, it seemed to me, was the strangest thing in the entire performance -- the two old dead persons cured a sick woman who had suddenly arrived, I know not how. They blew upon her and probably gave her the comforting assurance that she would not be fetched away so very soon. Several ran to the nearby river and threw knives and axes into it. Coqueiro tended the fire, dance and song ceased, the feather ornaments were placed beside the fire, and the green one added his garlands, the baris squatted in a row, one behind the other, and [622] were doused with water. Immediately thereafter great commotion: the dog of a soldier had bitten a child; Moguyokuri, still covered with loam, angrily accosts the owner, who, for his own safety, betakes himself to prison; this satisfies the chief, and with his hand he closes the mouth of the scolding mother, who now goes off silently, but grinning happily and sticking her tongue out.

[533] The following night uninterrupted arôe singing on the part of the Indians; no one stayed in the huts or in the ranchão; men, women, and children were outside. Uninterrupted music-making, dancing, laughing and bad singing among the soldiers. Magnificent moonlight. The first solemn hour of the Easter festival revealed marvelous contrasts between the groups for the resurrection.

/514 cont./

821 789 great excitement, were puffing in all directions toward the sky, squirting a little saliva from their lips, much as the Kulisehu Indians had driven away the thunder clouds. They were trembling and tottering so that one feared they would fall to the ground in a faint. Then they turned toward the place where the meteor had [276] appeared, screamed vué! vué! with a threatening, terrified voice, pressing the hollow of the right hand to the mouth, stretched the left arm toward heaven, and each held up a bundle of span-long maize cigarettes. "Here, look at this," they seemed to say, "all /515/ this tobacco we are spending to drive away the evil. Woe to you, if you do not leave us in peace!"

[152] A strange mixture of fear and courage, the latter, unfortunately, being tinged with something just as artificial as on the occasion of the exorcism of the Kayapó danger. The trembling increased, their entire bodies vibrated, their bent-back heads wobbled, they touched themselves with twitching movements and passed their hands over their chests and stomachs in order to force away everything evil.

[276] After this spectacle had gone on for a while, their cigar bundles were taken out of their hands and lighted at the fire while the excited doctors, whimpering and shuddering, caught their breath for a moment. Half a dozen men got up, took a few puffs for comfort and strength, and gave the cigars to the baris, who resumed their cure. They puffed at the whole bundle, howled even more shrilly and reproachfully toward heaven than before, stroked their bodies even more assiduously, scratched their heads vigorously, puffed at their bundle once more, sucked convulsively at their forearms as though they were drawing the blood up from the depths, cried vué vuáu vuáu ever louder, shook themselves and blew toward the stars; their joints shook, their muscles flew.

[755] Finally, they suddenly began to look searchingly about them in the throng, talked to those standing nearest them, pointed into the crowd, and joined the main group where they undertook a brief cure of a weak old man, the chief Domingo, and several of the most esteemed who alone could be involved in such a special case. They lifted up their heads, looked at them

/515 cont./

821 789 searchingly, squirted into their faces, pzũ pzü, and, with the hollow of their hands held against their mouths, again uttered their threatening vóu or a shrill hahahó, not forgetting to smoke up their bundle as they did so. The chorus had in general remained grave and quiet; only now and then did it break out in a one-part huhá and now triumphantly repeated it at the end as the two doctors, teeth chattering and murmuring a shivery tédede tedéte, retired. Aróe singing was heard all night long.

[276] The tobacco smoke had been used here in exactly the same way as the puffing against the thunderstorm, and I gained the impression that the doctor's smoking was very similar to a fumigation. Perhaps, for the original meaning of the method of curing, this should not be underestimated.

• 755 Domingo had an attack of weakness two days after the meteor conjuration. On the third day, 17 April, he was ill and apparently had a very ominous feeling. He crept about anxiously, his hands tied up in rags and his head and face covered so that he would not be recognized. Since we left the colony on 18 April we were unfortunately unable to find out whether this remedy helped him.

773 Ancestor legend. Arigá-Bororó is the tribal ancestor of the Indians. He had a wife. The puma is called arigá. Later, two men and two women came /516/ to the earth east of the baruparu river (cf. page 646) and reached the S. Lourenço. I was unable [124] to learn anything more. Clemente was quite useless here; he himself did not know anything and, on the basis of his knowledge of Brazil, interpreted those statements as meaning that the Bororó came from Rio de Janeiro. As far as I was able to understand, the Bororó lived on the source rivers of the S. Lourenço since the time they left heaven, and this origin from the east has nothing to do with tribal migrations, but is again only the result of the very natural reflection that the sun was in the possession of the oldest people and that the oldest people therefore lived where the sun originates.